NUMB. VI.

The Prompter.

To be Continued TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

These three Years, I have taken Notice of it, that the Toe *of the* Peasant *comes so* near, *to the* Heel *of the* COURTIER, *that it galls his Kibe!* Hamlet.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29. 1734.

THO' *Sincerity* is a manly, and desirable, Virtue, it ought to be accompanied with *Discretion*: or it will prove useless to the Rest of the World, and dangerous to the Person who possesses it.

WHEN I, unfortunately, took upon me, to consider, in a ridiculous Light, Certain Conditions, of ordinary Rank in Life, as neglecting their immediate Concerns, and wasting Spirits, and Time, to *correct* the Faults of their *Governours*; and fix Limits, between *Power*, and *Obedience*; How little did I foresee, that the Consequence of this my unguarded Simplicity, of Good-Will, wou'd, instead of *Reforming* those Impertinencies I complain'd of, bring the Complainers upon *my own Head*: like *Bees*, from an *inspected Hive*, when it has been look'd into, with too little Ceremony.

AN *Escape*, that I ow'd, in my Youth, to an honest *Mayor* of the Borough of *Huntington*, might have taught me to be more Cautious, in Confessing to any Man, that I conceive him to be *Out* of his *Element*: But the Misfortune is, we are least qualified to *remember* a *Rule*, when we most stand in need of its *Use*, in the *Application*. — It is publickly enough known, that some wise Burgesses, of the above-nam'd *Corporation*, were capable of mistaking a *Horse*, for a *Sturgeon*; yet they are, to this Day, *incapable* of bearing, with Patience, the *Reproach* of their *Blunder*: And it was happy for *me*, that They had a Magistrate, of more Good-Humour, than Zeal, when I had, once, the Indiscretion to *cry Sturgeon*, as I was riding thro' the midst of their Market.

I HAVE, among more angry Letters, receiv'd these two, following, since the Publication of That Paper.

For the PROMPTER, *dwelling at, or near, Mr.* Peele's, *in* Amen-Corner.

These — with Speed, *Deliver.*

Mr. *Ditto Prompter*, Sir,

I AM a *Taylor*, upon the *Livery*: Yet, I am a *Man, for all that*; and as Honest, as any Man, — (no Disparagement to the *Broomsticks*) But, I don't think myself oblig'd to you, for writing, in your 4th Paper, about *We Taylors* having no Right to *speak* our *own Minds*, as freely as other Folks, when we don't like what some Folks are a doing. — If you wear ever a *Coat*, and shou'd happen to get it *tore*, as I hope (God forgive me for *swearing*) you *will*, the first *Mob Night*; who, do you think, cou'd mend it again, in any *Workman-like* Manner, if it were not for *We Taylors*? And shall *Flaps* be *tore* off from the *State*, and We, forsooth, be the only People, that must not *set* a *Stitch*, toward making *said Flaps whole again*? —I don't *like*, nor *understand*, these Things. — If a Man is a *Freeman*, He is a *Freeman*: But, if He can't say, His Soul is his *own*; and do, what he *likes*, and what he *don't like*, why then, One of your *French Mounseers*, (bating for his *Wooden Shoes*) is as much a *free-born Subject*, as if he had been bred, and brought up, a *Taylor*, in *Old England*. — No! No! — I thank you, for nothing: Things are not come to *That Pass*, *yet*. — *Not* talk my Mind freely, quotha', because I am a *Taylor*! Marry come up: I shall never have done, at That Rate! — I don't keep *Nine Men at Work*, to sit still, and *say nothing*. — I thank God, I am an *Englishman*, and don't value *any* Man, of a *Louse*: Saving that I have a *Love* for my *Customers*. — Not *talk* against *Ministers*? An admirable, fine, *Jest*, faith! — Heark'ye, Mr. *Prompter*, I understand better Things: So, no more at present, from,

Your Injur'd Friend,

Zachary Whipstitch.

It is not possible, I shou'd receive this Letter, without an uncommon Degree of Concern, for having offended this worthy, (I am sorry he shou'd say *Injur'd*) Friend, and Fellow-Subject, *Mr. Whipstitch*. — Yet, upon second Thoughts, I am *Glad of it, too*, like his Brother, the *Recorder*, of undying Memory, because it has given him Occasion to make publick his *Polemical System of Liberty*. — It is surprizing, with what *Bluntness* of *Brevity*, our Comprehensive *English Genius* is capable of *expressing*, the most unlimited Ideas! — For my Part, I make it a Question, whether that Democratical Spirit of Eloquence, which turn'd *All ancient*

t'ent *Greece* into *Tongue*, ever hit off ſo Enlarg'd a Deſcription of *Liberty*, as this eminent *London Taylor* has cut out, for his own wearing, in a few ſhort Words! — *To do, and ſay, what he likes, and what he don't like!* — It is impoſſible to comprehend more, in a thouſand Remonſtratory Volumes: And *Ariſtotle Himſelf* had ſcarce been equal to the Conception!

LET the *Gooſe*, of every Taylor, *within* the *Liberties*, henceforth be called a *Swan*: — And, let *me* recommend to the Reader's Admiration, another Letter, almoſt equally Extraordinary.

Ingenious, and Honourable, Sir,

MY Partner and I are *two Chair-men*. My Partner can't endure the Sight of a *Book*: Nor I, of a *Quart-pot*, or an *Ale-houſe*. I get together all the News-papers, and Six-penny Pamphlets, I can borrow, and read 'em, as I ſit upon my *Pole*: Whence, I am ſometimes call'd off, to a *Fare*, when I had rather be without the Money, than broke in upon, in the *Courſe* of my *Studies*. My Partner is a ſurly, clumſy, Fellow, and, His Name being *Robin*, I can't ſay, I am, *heartily* a *Friend* to any Honeſter Body of that Name; becauſe this Fellow lords it ſo much over me, that He will have Every Thing go, juſt as *He pleaſes*.

I HAVE ſome Thoughts about ſending you a Paper, for the *Prompter*, againſt putting People *over our Heads*, and, yet, expecting we ſhou'd be *pleas'd* with them. I have got a little Way in my Paper, and all the *Thoughts* are my own: But the *Stile* I correct, by looking into *Fog*, and the *Craftſman*. This, that follows, was the Laſt Thing, That came into my Head: And, it being a Flight, in *my own Way*, I make bold to ſuppoſe, you won't think it Impertinent.

> " A PRINCE, who prefers weak Miniſters,
> " hangs out Lights, to diſcover the Defects in
> " his own Underſtanding: For, it may be ob-
> " ſerv'd, of a *Government*, as it is, of a *Sedan*;
> " — When the Back Part *goes foremoſt*, we may
> " be ſure, there is *Nothing within*.

I AM afraid, if you *like* This, you will ſuſpect, It is *none of my own*: But, I have told You, I *form* my *Stile*, upon two Writers, the *Leaſt* Part of whoſe *Praiſe* is, that they *teach Chair-men*, to think, and talk, as if they were *Scholars* and *Politicians*.

NOW, becauſe I fancied, that my Thought *look'd pretty*, upon *Paper*, and might help me to the Character of a Serious Fellow, that loves *Reading*, I was mightily taken with the *Notion*: But am heartily ſorry, that, as Things ſtand, in *England*, I don't, honeſtly, *know how to apply it*. — I am afraid too, from what I obſerve in the News-papers, It won't fit *France* neither, at preſent: For, methinks *Cardinal Fleury* is a ſly, old Blade, and knows well enough what he is doing. — But, don't you think, Mr. *Prompter*, it wou'd *do*, if I ſent it to *Conſtantinople*? — The *Great Vizier*, *there*, ſeems to be but a Bungling Kind of a Fellow; and in a fair Way of falling to the Ground, tho' He has a *Stool* on *Each Side* of him.

IN ſhort, unleſs *you* can find ſome Country, where the Smartneſs of my Thought need be at no Loſs for an Application, I am reſolv'd, rather than *ſink* it, to get it writ out, in a large legible Hand, and pin it up, like an *Almanack*, in the Hall of a Great Gentleman, whom I ſometimes *carry*. — His *Wife* is a confounded *Scold*; and *governs*, both *Himſelf*, and his *Family*. So that, if it *does* no where elſe, I am ſure, It will *do*, *there*. — And now, if I don't, ſoon, ſee it, in *your Paper*, I ſhall know how to make as good a Uſe of it: But remain, nevertheleſs,

Your Honour's, to be commanded,

Roger Free-foot.

P. S. *I ſay nothing about* Shoe-heels; *tho' many a Noble Member of both Houſes, is oblig'd to* me *for the* Invention, *and* Example. *I don't ſay it, in* Boaſting: *But, there is ſome Merit in* That: *For, what* Honeſt Man *would wiſh to* live uſeleſs *in his Country?*

NOTWITHSTANDING this extraordinary Claim, to the *Merit* deſcrib'd in his *Poſtſcript*, I muſt be bold to declare to Mr. *Free-foot*, that I am, with Regard to his Letter, in the Condition of my *leſs learned* Correſpondent, Mr. *Zachary Whipſtitch*. — I don't *like*, nor *underſtand*, theſe Things. — It is long, ſince I have accuſtom'd myſelf, in the *Streets*, to bear with the *Preſumption* of theſe *Chair-men*, rather than ſubject myſelf to the Cenſure of a celebrated *Dramatick Philoſopher*,

Fool-hardy! with the MIGHTIER, *thou* contendeſt.

BUT, truly, if they are for going ſuch Lengths, as to *bear down* their Opponents, not with their *Poles* only, but with their *Arguments*, It is high Time to turn their own Maxims againſt them: And, *by your Leave, Gentlemen, — Stand by, — Clear the Way, —* muſt be ſpoken, from this Day forward, *not from*, but *to*, the *Chair-men*, of this *aſſuming Metropolis*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HUNTED, or ſtray'd, out of the Theatres *of this Great City, and ſuppoſed to be lurking, in ſome private and remote Part of the* Country, *a* lean, ragged, un-curried, *Creature, call'd* COMMON SENSE; — *Whoever will diſcover, ſeize, and deliver, the ſaid* Stray, *into the Hands of any of His Majeſty's* Juſtices *of the* Peace, *for the County of* Middleſex, *ſhall have, for his Reward, the Preſence of* all Perſons *of* WIT, *in and about this City, at a* Tragedy *to be acted, for his Benefit, at* Hickford's Dancing Room, *near the* Hay-market: *And, in Caſe of the Company's proving* too ſmall to pay Charges, *Application ſhall be made to the Truſtees, for eſtabliſhing the* New Colony of GEORGIA, *to allot him a Settlement*, gratis, *among the* YAMACRAWS, *their good Neighbours.*

N. B. *No higher Reward will be offer'd: And, whoever ſhall preſume to* detain, ſhelter, *or* protect, *the* ſaid Stray, — *Be it at their* PERIL.

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